

December 9, 1977

Fund raising for the trip included selling candy bars and raffle tickets. Monies from performances at the Julien and of the Messiah, along with contributions from alumni and each student built up the tour fund.



Experience in wheelchair poses challenges

By Carol J. Frahm

"Don't go anywhere!" "Don't worry Margaret, I won't." Margaret Doyle turned and realized what she'd said. She was in my wheelchair and gazed up at me. Margaret TDH, while Margaret toward Mary Jo Lobby to someone to give us a hand up the stairs. Ordinarily you wouldn't find me in a wheelchair, but as an experiment I spent one full day in a rented one. My goal was to find out what it would be like as a handicapped student at the college.

My experiment began at 7:30 a.m. November 16, but the story really begins when I was assigned to cover Clarke's compliance with federal regulations giving all qualified handicapped individuals equal access to Clarke's programs. He later suggested the wheelchair. Hesitant at first, I tested the idea on friends, who among all their side remarks reluctantly volunteered their aid. Even after the experiment began they threatened to leave town for the day and desert me.

I started my day from second floor of Mary Ben. Questions ran through my mind as I awoke. If I were confined to a wheelchair, would I be able to get myself out of bed? Could I make the bed? Could I reach anything hanging in my closet or sitting on bookshelves? Could I maneuver to close and lock the door?

The elevator proved to be no help, since it was stuck between first and second floors. This was the first frustration and I wondered how many more times my routine would be interrupted because of other's carelessness or my own inability to cope with the situation.

The jammed elevator meant that for the first time I must rise and help carry the chair downstairs. Had I really been disabled, someone else would have had to be summoned to help life me downstairs, probably

not an easy task given my weight and the narrowness and steepness of the stairs.

With help out of Mary Ben's front door I started under my own power for the cafeteria. By the time I reached the walkway to Mary Jo, I surrendered in exhaustion and frustration to being pushed. I was working so hard and going nowhere. I'd certainly never make it to the sidewalk because of the upward grade.

The easiest way to the cafeteria was down the winding drive. I was determined to do as much as for myself as I could, so with a companion at my side I set off down the drive. The onlookers in the tri-college bus got a first hand view as I rolled haltingly in the driveway's curb. Not to be defeated, I started again; this time my aid had to run to keep up with me. It took two people to lift me up the single step to the outside cafeteria door. I'd make the trip three more times, but none were as terrifying as the first. While I was being lifted, I had little control over what happened. I had to depend on those helping me. A student in communication put it to me aptly, as she helped me up the stairs; "What is your trust level?"

Once in the cafeteria line I directed the selection of my food but left its transportation to a friend. At dinner that night I attempted pushing my own tray through the line. With caution and time I could manage except for carrying it to the table.

Having survived the first barrage of questions and funny looks at breakfast, I moved on to study in the library. I knew the wheelchair wouldn't make it through the turnstiles. I resorted to using the backdoor off of Mary Jo bridge. It meant being pushed up the drive, down the stone path and across the lawn (to avoid any steps) and into Mary Jo. Through the concourse and across the bridge was easy, but the three steps down meant being lifted. I would need two, perhaps three to

help.

With my heart in my throat, I was lifted down the steps to the library backdoor, where I could enter without difficulty. Sister Kathleen Mullin, head librarian, greeted me with a smile and informed me that whatever assistance I would need would be provided as the law requires. She also informed me of the plan to remove the center section of pipe between the turnstiles and replace it with theater rope, facilitating the use of the front door for those in wheelchairs.

Too soon it was time to leave for class in the Courier office. Exiting the library meant going up those three steps. This time, half-way up, the chair and I came to a sudden stop. To save myself from falling on my face, I slid out of the chair.

On solid ground again, I moved out of the MJ toward CBH, using the outer sidewalk. It seemed as I went that every crack was a crater, perhaps, it was the lack of shocks on the chair.

When I rolled into CBH, I felt like I was in paradise. My companion left me in the lobby; and for the first time since I'd gotten up, I was alone, independent of everyone for the moment. I could go anywhere in CBH without help. I took the elevator to third floor, stretching some to reach the buttons. At the top of the third floor landing I met my next companion. Together we moved the chair downstairs and we entered the carpeted hallway.

I had prepped my schedule, grouping activities to eliminate unnecessary running. On the way to the Courier Office I stopped in the Going upstairs to the Courier Office meant getting out of the chair again because of the physical and structural impossibilities of carrying me up any of the stairs. It took 25 minutes to go from the library to the Courier, a trip I ordinarily make in less than 60 seconds straight up three flights of stairs. I had allowed extra time knowing it would take longer to go anywhere, so I consulted my advisor, worked on a



Carol Frahm in the wheelchair being helped out of the doors in front of CBH by Jane Skelly.

story and rolled myself down to the language lab to check the accessibility of its facilities. I could reach the tapes and work in row C of the booths, but what good would that do a handicapped individual who would never be able to get the second floor of Mary Bertrand!

Back downstairs again after newsprinting, I rolled toward CBH for my 11:20 physiology class, except the rolling wasn't easy. The carpet, which normally cushions my path, slowed me up and made propelling myself exhausting. Again I succumbed to being pushed. Everytime I did, it only made me feel bad for those who were helping me. I felt foolish knowing I could really help myself. Yet, I knew if I were handicapped, my attitude would have to change; I would have to accept the fact that I couldn't do it alone. I'd need help—lots of it.

Dropping a book isn't an extraordinary thing until you can't pick it up. From the chair I couldn't reach the floor to pick up my physiology book or the papers that flew from it, when I dropped it before class. I had to ask for help.

I spent an anxious 50 minutes listening to Dr. Guest. Sitting was beginning to get to me; I'd been in the chair nearly four hours and my coping ability was beginning to wear thin. For someone else, whose theory about walking is: the sooner I can get there, the more I'll get done; I was growing more tense and more tired by the minute.

Assigned to cover Out-to Lunch that day, I spent half my lunch hour explaining to fellow students that "nothing had happened to me", and half-talking to visiting high school students. I thought I might have trouble getting around in a "crowded" cafeteria, but I didn't, it just took longer.

After my layout and design class

which went quickly, photographer Margaret Doyle met me for a photo session; that meant backtracking to the cafeteria and the library for her. A senior who helped me from CBH back to Mary Jo, told of a handicapped friend who had really wanted to come to Clarke. She said she discouraged her because there was "no way" it would be possible.

Finished with pictures, Margaret escorted me to the top of the drive and alone I set off for CBH to get some study in before my department meeting. It took me ten minutes to wheel myself there, but I did it.

I couldn't settle down to study. I was keyed up; I was tired. I had no one to talk to and nothing to occupy my attention. I tried to nap; I couldn't. I fidgeted, rolling back and forth in place. I wandered the halls of CBH, trying to divert my attention, always anxiously watching the clock.

Finally, I could go to the department meeting. Afterward, I returned to the carpeted hallway for Mass in Sacred Heart Chapel. Getting there meant "cheating" the last time and getting out of my wheelchair.

In chapel, I sat on the side isle, but had trouble seeing Father Zusy at the altar. I thought as I sat there that if I were handicapped I'd have to give up being a sacristan and extraordinary minister. Of course, there would be other things, like disc jockeying on CLRK, which would have to go.

The expedite going to dinner, my aids and I decided to try going out the front door of Margaret Mann Hall. We could, but it required some maneuvering because of the small space. The handrail, which hindered my ability to move, allowed me to help "life" myself down the low slick stairs.

For the last time, I rolled down the drive unaided as my helpers looked on in terror. The dining room was nearly empty and I was glad. I wouldn't have to answer so many questions. The risk of my losing my temper over the kidding decreased.

My last scheduled stop was the Clarke Bar, so after dinner I found a corner in Mary Jo where I could study. It was more efficient to stay there than to roll myself elsewhere. I was determined to achieve something, so I worked on polishing a story. I couldn't afford to waste more precious time. I had tried to prepare myself mentally for the day but as its end neared, I realized it had been more strenuous than I envisioned.

I wondered if I'd make it to the Clarke Bar since I wasn't sure the inside door was wide enough to allow passage of a wheelchair. After a bumpy ride down the hill, I found I made it easily, although someone with a wider chair might not.

Sitting and pondering over an order of onion rings and Sprite, I wondered if I would be able to walk when I got out of the chair and how sore my muscles would be the next day. All the things I usually take for granted, but which I couldn't that day, drifted across my mind and I was grateful that my tomorrow would be a simple ordinary Thursday.

COURIER CAUCUS

Party policy

To the Editor,

It all started when we were freshmen, full of spirit, enthusiasm, and life. It began as a joke, but somehow we obtained the infamous name "Howdy Wing." Now as "wild" juniors, seniors and sophomores we have become victims of seemingly unjust dorm governance. After two years of well-controlled, peaceful and organized parties (at which we experienced no lack of respect for our property), we have been suddenly ordered to a halt in the name of... THE HANDBOOK. We refer to Clarke's student handbook which has been quoted but still gives us no idea where we stand in regards to parties. What is a private party? What is a large group gathering? What constitutes the normal capacity of a dorm room? The handbook may be studied for many hours under bright lights but the vague ambiguity. We have been told to simply use our common sense. Apparently, our common sense is not up to par with that of some persons in authority. We have been denied privileges that have previously been granted us. In the past we have had parties in the rooms on our wing. Last month, involving male guests, was denied to us. It was suggested that we hold our party in one of the "common areas."

After being informed that the smokers and Mary Jo suites are not considered common areas, we complied, choosing the Mary Jo Informal Lounge. On the morning following this party, both resident staff and residents of Mary Jo concluded the Informal Lounge suggestion was not ideal; we en-

countered difficulties involving numbers of guests, male guests who were not signed in and were unescorted, along with male guests who were totally unfamiliar, and a lack of respect for school property, problems which we had not encountered on previous occasions.

In order to clear up discrepancies and misunderstandings regarding the handbook, a proposal was brought from On-Campus Life to SAC. The proposal requested that SAC. The proposal requested that the private parties be allowed in the smokers and living quarters of the dormitories. The meeting resulted in many unresolved disputes; we felt unsatisfied and confused with the reasons offered to us by SAC and the resident staffs of the three dorms. After numerous unclear reasons, we were even told that Mary Jo were even told that Mary Jo students have advantages over the other dorms in that we have easy access to the mini-bus, dining room and post office; Mary Ben residents have larger smokers so they have means intend to be facetious by restating these reasons brought up at SAC; we simply cannot be satisfied by such meaningless excuses.

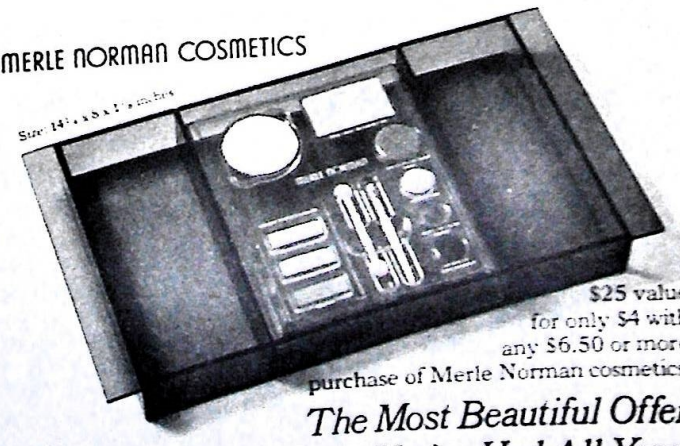
Also, we feel that in a college of this size there should not be such a difference between dorms in their rules and regulations. Why would the minor size differences between the rooms in each dorm require separate sets of rules?

SAC did take action on our proposal; they composed a committee consisting of each dorm director and each dorm president. We think that the problem regarding parties should be made aware to all on-campus students, as it is not only the job of Mary Jo residents to propose changes. We encourage all

resident students to voice their opinions to either their dorm director or president; we have brought this proposal to SAC, but need the support of all residents to promote action. Be "aware" that any amendment that is accepted or rejected to the handbook will affect all residents.

Signed,
Karen Schubert
Cindy Laughlin
Sally Feehan
Mary Astrosky
Cindy Castans
Marty Wathier
Stephanie Richardi

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Burns successful in 'Oh, God'

By Mary Kaye Reynolds

George Burns is my kind of God. Authoritative in an easy going manner, Burns, through his portrayal of God makes Him seem as much of a friend as a deity. As a slightly annoyed Creator, Burns visits middle class store-manager Jerry Landers, a non-believer played by John Denver. Keeping with the simplicity and smoothness of the plot, God's message to Landers is basic - "Tell everyone I'm alive and well and you should all love one another." He appears, not amid thunder and lightning, but clad in a fishing cap and windbreaker, complete with tennis shoes. Landers has a difficult time believing in this particular God, who admits His mistakes (tobacco, ostriches, and avocados - He made the pits too big) and cracks well-timed one liners. Landers does, however, undertake the job of a present day Moses, which earns him the reputation of a religious weirdo from his family, his employers, and the medium. When theologians from the nearby university send God a "quiz" via Landers, God calls Adam and Eve "just a couple of kids, professes no special powers to foresee the future, and notes Christ as His son in the same sense that all men are His sons. This "revelation" (the only real problem I had with the content of the film) still is cohesively interwoven into the lighthearted nature of the film. Director Carl

Reiner has a little fun with the audience here when God turns off the Dick Van Dyke show on T.V., mumbling something about reruns. The Van Dyke show was one of Reiner's greatest successes in regard to television.

God's dislike for miracles (they're too flashy) takes second place at Lander's slander trial. After being sworn in (So help me, Me) He performs a few minor miracles for the skeptics in the courtroom, as well as those in the audience. Here the special effects remain simple. Landers wins the case but loses his

supermarket job "Lose a job, save a world - it's not a bad deal," God says.) There is a tinge of sadness at God's departure, who by this time, has become a friend as well as a deity, yet the movie ends optimistically.

Although "Oh, God" is not destined to win any awards for plot, best actor, or special effects, it is a refreshingly mild and gentle film. It's refreshing in the sense that it contains no violence, sex, or real crisis, but is a divinely entertaining experience.

Soloists accent 'Messiah'

By Gale Burnick

The sounds of "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" rang out over Five Flags Theatre last weekend as the Clarke-Loras Singers performed Handel's "Messiah."

Conducted by John Lease, the eighteenth century oratorio highlighted solos by Hisae Hasegawa, soprano, Cynthia Solomon, mezzo-soprano, Robert Casper, tenor, and Jeff Dolter, bass.

The strong performance of the Singers and the orchestra, mostly from the University of Iowa, easily compensated for the program's minor flaws. The early portion favored recitatives and airs by the

soloists relate the prophecies of the coming of the Lord, building to the powerful "Unto us a child is born" sung by the chorus. The dramatic impact is heightened by the soft, melodic pastoral symphony following.

The news of the birth and the miracles of the Savior among us soon become the suffering of the Lamb of God. Keeping a seasonal emphasis, this production of the "Messiah" lightly covered the Passion and the Resurrection in a finale of choral numbers. Unfortunately, this placed the moving refrains of "He is the King of Glory" in direct competition with the overwhelming Hallelujah chorus.

The execution of Handel's master work was in itself masterful under the controlled direction of Lease. It was frustrating when at times the soloists voices didn't carry over the orchestra, but those were only momentary distractions. The ensemble deserved their standing ovation for a job well done.

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To the new boss, our favorite sequepidalian: Happy birthday and congratulations! Sport, Old Boss, Betty, and the Princess.



photos by barbi riss

Crusader Cindy Schnier fights for ball with Loras women's Duhawks.

Loras nips Clarke

After a tight first half, the Loras Crusaders edged the Clarke Crusaders 48-45 at Loras College Monday night.

The game opened with Cindy Schnier tipping the ball to fellow Crusader Annette Reiter resulting in two points by Sherri Hyde. Clarke took the lead in the first minutes by as many as eight points, but the Duhawks closed in on them fast. The game saw-sawed back and forth, ending the first half 24-23 Loras' favor. Loras had foul and shooting problems and Clarke couldn't manage to net any free throws in the first half. Loras made 32 per cent of their shots compared to Clarke's 41 per cent and out-fouled Clarke 11 to 7.

In the first five minutes of the second half, Ellen Enright and Mary Ann Beck ran up ten points for Loras, while Clarke could only

manage three points. Coach Pat Folk put Annette Reiter back in and Clarke rallied for 20 points, 11 of them by Reiter. With 33 seconds left in the game and the score 48-45, Crusader Peg Smith fouled. Loras didn't capitalize at the free throw line, but rebounded the ball and stalled the precious seconds away.

Reiter and Lorilee Jones were top scorers for the Crusaders with 13 points. Jones scored 10 in the first half. Starters were Cindy Schnier, Peg Smith, Lorilee Jones, Annette Reiter, and Sherri Hyde.

The Crusaders are now 2-4 and will play Upper Iowa Thursday evening at University of Dubuque.

Clarke	ft	r
Jones	6	11
Kopko	0	0
Enzler	2	0
Reiter	6	14
Hyde	4	3
Schnier	1	3
Smith	0	1
Kitch	0	0
Totals	19	7

Loras	ft	r
Bockenstedt	1	0
Smyth	0	1
Smith	0	0
Beck	4	0
Wilberding	4	1
Enright	10	3
Wilcke	3	1
Welsh	0	0
Sullivan	1	0
Totals	23	2

Heidi opens

Two goats and three kittens are included in the cast of Heidi which opens to the public tomorrow afternoon.

The cast of 19 persons and their director Sister Xavier Coens consider the annual children's play "Clarke's Christmas present to Dubuque". As in the past the English style of participatory theater will be used. Children in the audience will be encouraged to join in yodeling and talk to the characters.

There were performances yesterday and today of Heidi for area 4th graders under the government funded Flight Four program. The program is part of the Iowa Arts Council's attempt to bring drama into the lives of children.

Heidi will be performed tomorrow at 2 and 7:30 p.m. and Sunday at 2 p.m.

Albee play for decay of elit

Edward Albee's play, *Everything in the Garden*, will be performed by the Clarke College Drama department on March 3, 4, 5, and 6 at 8:00 p.m. in the Arena Theater of Clarke.

Tickets are \$3 for the general public and \$2 for students. Clarke College students are admitted free of charge with a CSA activity ticket. Seating in the Arena Theater is limited. Reservations can be made by calling 588-6329.

The production will be directed by Dr. Carol Bligen, chairman of the drama department. Junior major Stephanie Richardi is the play's costume designer. The set designer is David Brune.

Albee's play has not been produced at Clarke since 1968 when his prize-winning *A Delicate Balance* was seen in the Arena Theater. Other plays by Albee include *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, *The Zoo Story*, *Tiny Alice*, and *The American Dream*.

The play is about Jenny and Richard, a lower-middle class couple, who are having a party.

Loras College's Tuohy Auditorium will host the twenty-third annual APO sneak Preview, February 11 at 7:30 p.m. and 10:00 p.m. and February 12 at 7:30 p.m. and 10:00 p.m.

A student production of *Music in the Air* will be a comedy with numbers, solos, and dance routines.

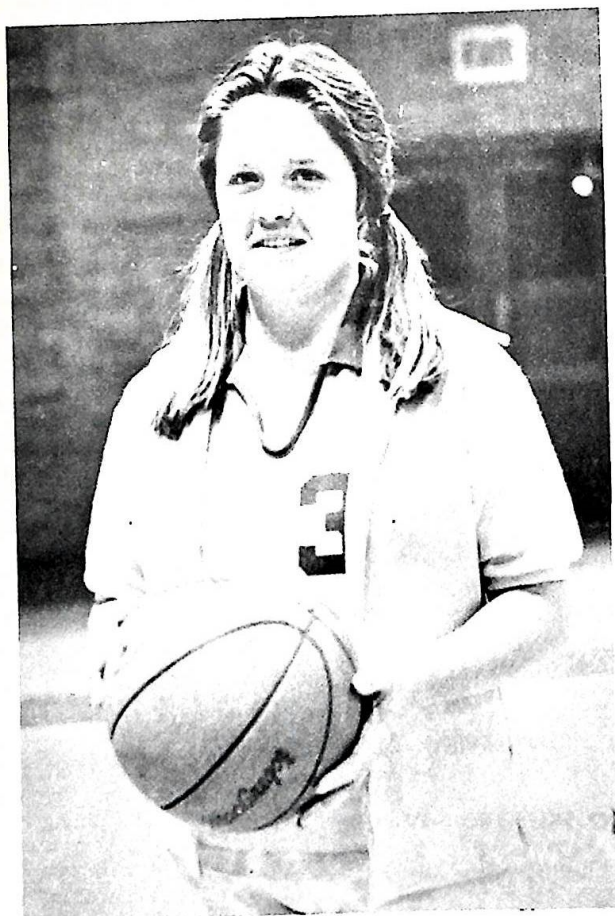
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Player of the Week



This week's player of the week is Sherri Hyde. Thus far the freshman has scored a total of 28 points; 20 as field goals and 8 as free throws. She also had 15 fouls.

Soviet group here Dec. 11

The National Folk Ensemble will appear in Terrence Donaghoe Hall Sunday at 8 p.m.

The 42 member group from Moscow is composed of singers, dancers and accordion players. The group is a member of Friendship Ambassadors; the same program the Clarke-Loras Singers are going to India under later this month.

The Ensemble is being sponsored by the Tri-College Cultural Events Committee and is free to all tri-college students.

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